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THAT MODEL REGIMENT.

THE incidents of camp life furnish an inexhaustible store of humorous as well as heroic narrative. Our own great internal contest, over whose termination a decade has already swept past, affords as rich a mine of interesting and amusing episode as any campaigns of which history makes mention. War essentially conveys the primary idea of all that is sanguinary; while it charms the imagination of the thoughtless with the heroic qualities of our nature which it so earnestly develops, and lures our fancy with its pageantry and display. Thus it is that all the accounts which have ever been written of camp life are composed almost exclusively of records of sanguinary or heroic deeds, while comparatively little is related of scenes which are not only sources of perpetual amusement, but comedy itself. The period has arrived when the humorous incidents of our great struggle may be advantageously related, as they in some degree form a portion of the history of the war; and that portion, moreover, which as yet has not been recorded.

The ranks of our army of volunteers were hastily organized. The mass composing them, both officers and men, were unskilled and incongruous, while the progress made by them in acquiring discipline was far more gradual than the published accounts would lead one to believe. But considering all the disadvantages which were encountered at the outset of the organization of this vast force—such as the want of officers with military knowledge, the sudden calling together of so many men from every department of civil life, and the impatience of restraint which is so natural to our population—the wonder is not that the progress of discipline was slow, but that so much was accomplished in this respect.

One of the regiments that left New York in the summer of 1861, was the recipient of many encomiums from the newspapers of the time, for its superior appearance and other military qualities. Its colonel was praised for his patriotism, his energy and talent; and the rest of its officers were complimented. The day of its departure for Washington was made memorable by the display which attended its exit from the city, and the expectations which followed it were equal to those of the Crusaders of the Middle Ages.

And now compare the facts with all this fancy.

The men did not know one military evolution even tolerably well; few of the officers were acquainted with the "manual of arms;" and as for the colonel, he had been all his life a "professed politician" and office-holder, and did not even pretend to any military knowledge whatever. He had views of his own regarding the army and the methods of making his name famous; and if he did not succeed in achieving a great military reputation, he did succeed in making a great deal of fun for military men at his own expense. He commenced his military acquirements

windows of the train. The colonel sent an officer from the car in which he was, to inquire the cause of the *feu-de-joie*, and soon ascertained that the men were firing their ammunition at a flock of crows. He instantly dispatched an officer from the car in which he was seated, with a command to repeat the firing no more. The officer had scarcely returned when the fusilade was repeated. The colonel went himself among the men, where he found the din and confusion, added to the noise made by the rapidly moving train, so great that his voice was powerless, and he was

soon glad to return to the "officers' car." He then ordered the muskets to be taken from the men; but before this could be accomplished there was great danger of a riot, and every round of ammunition had been fired. As they approached Baltimore, the colonel summoned a council of his officers, and lectured them in this way:

"Gentlemen, we are now approaching Baltimore. Remember what happened there when the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment went through the city. They were able to resist the mob who attacked them; but our ammunition, unfortunately, is all gone. The only hope for us to get through safely is to make a good military appearance and awe the mob; for if we are attacked, who can tell what will become of us? Get the men out of the cars, and help me to march them off to the Washington depot without delay. On order and dispatch everything will depend. The least confusion may be our destruction. Let us impress the citizens with our appearance!"

The Monumental City was soon after reached. The men broke away



AGAINST ORDERS!—W. THOMAS.

by diligently studying works on his new profession; but finding this description of research somewhat dull and uninteresting, he dropped it after three or four days, and announced in a serious manner to a party of his officers assembled in his tent before he left New York, that he would prove his "aptness for military rank and command" in his own way.

The journey to Washington could never be forgotten by any one who was with the regiment during that memorable trip. Comparative order was preserved till the cars left Philadelphia; but there the men received liberal supplies of whisky from the citizens, and the majority of them were soon more or less under the influence of the magical power of Bacchus. Presently a fusilade of musketry was fired from the

from the train regardless of all efforts to restrain them, and wandered in broken groups around the depot. The commands of the officers were unheeded; while the colonel ran everywhere among them, coaxing some and threatening others, till his voice was hoarse and his physical energies exhausted. This scene lasted above an hour. The regiment was at length formed in line, amid the jeers and laughter of the misrepresented populace,—and after a characteristic march through the city, arrived at the Washington depot, whence they were soon whirled to the national capital. There they were assigned some empty buildings for their quarters, where they remained in comparative quiet and security a few days, to the great satisfaction and complacency of their commanding

officer. At the end of that time they were ordered to form a regimental camp about two miles from the Capitol.

The colonel was true to his original ideas, which were radically those of a politician and not of a military man. Therefore he resolved to obtain promotion by ingratiating himself into favor with the Secretary of War and the President.

He succeeded in holding several interviews with both; but his chief dependence, according to his strange philosophy, consisted in the success of his efforts to secure the far more interesting friendship of Mrs. Lincoln. To accomplish this object he set himself ingeniously and industriously to work, and, indeed, soon succeeded by his tact and address in placing himself on terms of comparative intimacy with her. To cement this influence, the camp was formally and ostentatiously named in her honor.

At length he conceived the singular notion of inviting Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln to visit his camp and review his regiment. The President declined the invitation, urging the press of important business as his apology. Mrs. Lincoln, however, accepted it, together with several of the most prominent members of the government then in Washington.

The condition of the corps was at this time very little better than when it had passed through Baltimore. The colonel never once drilled it; nor, indeed, could he. The men were often riotous and extremely difficult to keep in any semblance of subordination; the officers were discouraged and dissatisfied with their regimental chief, who spent very little of his time among them, and yet was continually talking of the superior discipline and efficiency of his command. When they heard that the regiment was to be reviewed by Mrs. Lincoln, they immediately resolved to have sport out of the affair, on their own account.

Great preparations were made by the colonel for the review. A special lecture was delivered to the officers to stimulate them to cause as fine a display as possible; special pains being taken to point out the advantages to *them* of the colonel's promotion, an event to which the visit of Mrs. Lincoln and her suite would assuredly lead. But, like Napoleon at Fontainebleau, the colonel's officers were by this time tired of him, so that they passively listened to his eloquence. Champagne had been ordered for the occasion, and three baskets of it lay concealed in the colonel's tent. Cyrus, the contraband, had orders to be very careful of it, and to let no one into the tent in the colonel's absence.

On the day of the expected review the colonel went to Washington to escort his guests to the camp. During his absence, Cyrus was called out from the tent, and detained without a considerable time on one pretense or other. It was then that a party of the officers quickly and quietly disposed of every draught of the champagne, and ingeniously replaced the corks in the bottles and the bottles in the baskets, so that when the negro returned, everything wore the same aspect that it had done when he departed.

Toward evening, the distinguished visitors arrived, the colonel riding in front of their carriages. Perceiving no trace of order, but all confusion of mirth and dancing, he gesticulated violently to the officers to turn out the regiment. But the spirit of mischief had taken full possession of the camp, and nothing else was noticed. At length, after a most ludicrous effort, about half the command was collected together, and paraded, to the intense chagrin of the colonel.

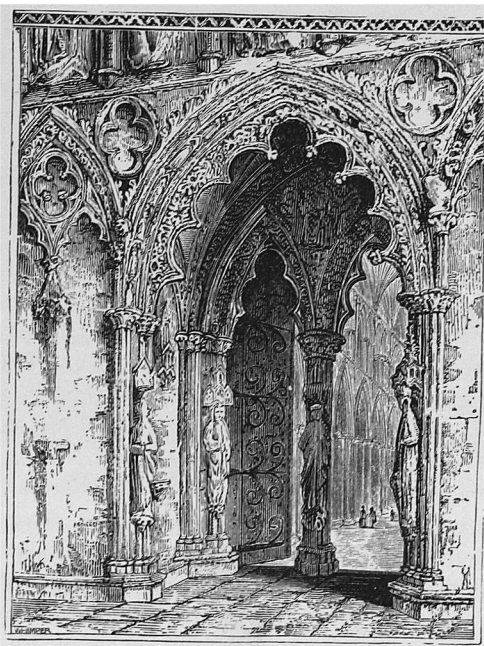
This being over, the visitors were invited into the

head-quarters to have a glass of champagne. Glasses being placed on the table, Cyrus handed a bottle in the most innocent manner to the colonel, who at once perceived that it was empty. He impatiently ordered another, with a like result. He hastily rushed to the baskets of wine, lifting one after the other and then bottle after bottle separately, till he had gone through



LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

all, and arrived at the embarrassing conclusion that there was not a glass of champagne left in any or all of them. The whole truth flashed upon him. He berated the equally astonished negro, while at the same time he offered the most incoherent and excited apologies to Mrs. Lincoln and the rest of his guests, who were at this time convulsed with laughter.



WEST DOOR.

The review was ended. The visitors left with impressions regarding the colonel and his regiment which may readily be imagined. He was never promoted; but soon after left the service without having conferred distinction either on it or himself, except as here indicated. Such was the career of one political aspirant for military renown, and such the culminating glory of a model regiment.

—Geo. W. Clarke.

LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL, ENGLAND.

THE city of Lichfield is a parliamentary and municipal borough of Midland England, of much antiquity and importance, in the county of Stafford, standing on the Grand Junction Canal, a vital waterway of the pottery district, and on the Stafford and Rugby Railway, some one hundred and fifteen miles northwest of London. It may be reached direct by rail from Birmingham, from which it is only distant some sixteen miles, and lies on the direct ordinary route from Liverpool or Chester to London, — thus offering the very first opportunities for access to the tourist. The old town dates its foundation to the Danes, and was one of size and importance in the time of the Saxons, many relics of whom remain — among others the Saxon Gospel of St. Chad, now holding honored place in the library, with other and valued literary curiosities. In addition to the cathedral (hereinafter to be especially noticed), Lichfield has an episcopal palace; a deanery; three parish churches; a free grammar school, in which Addison, Johnson and Garrick all received the rudiments of education; hospitals, and many other public buildings of interest. It has held, during many hundreds of years, a high place in the pride and regards of Englishmen, and figured very prominently in much of that troubled history commencing with the Wars of the Roses and only really coming to an end with the dethronement of the Stuarts and the accession of the House of Hanover. The bishopric of Lichfield boasts its

derivation from the early Saxons, and had, in 1838, no less than four hundred and ninety-one benefices under its control, in the counties of Stafford, Derby, Warwick and Salop.

Lichfield Cathedral is among those religious-houses of Great Britain, if not the largest or the most intimately connected with the great church-history of the early days, certainly among the most satisfactory in point of architecture and the general effect produced on the eye of the beholder. It was built principally in the 12th and 13th centuries, and is considered a magnificent example of the style known as the Decorated — scarcely equaled among any of its sister-houses, and only excelled by one or two of the most notable. It has a length of 411 feet, extending east and west; and there are three towers, or spires, the central one unparalleled for lightness and elegance, reaching 300 feet in height. Within, the decoration is very elaborate and in the main very striking; though in some of the details it must bow to other houses with which we have already dealt in this connection. On the north side of the cathedral there is a shaded avenue, called the "Dean's Walk," hallowed by the feet of many of the fathers of the church in the historic centuries, but possibly of more interest, to American readers and to many English, as having been at one time a favorite resort of Major John Andre, then little dreaming of the sad celebrity he was to win in the American Revolution. The house where Dr. Johnson (a native of the town, and already alluded to as a pupil of the grammar school) was born, is still standing. Of Addison (also already alluded to) it may not be generally remembered that he legitimately belonged to this cathedral, his father having been Dean of Lichfield; though possibly the old town is quite as proud, in this dramatic day, of having given birth to Garrick as to the author of the "Spectator." The grammar school of their joint scholarship has recently been thoroughly restored, and may now be expected to pre-